



## Country Dick's Ramble to Oxford.

I have heard great Talk of Oxford Town  
and fain I would go thither ;  
The Weather clear and the Morning fair,  
And Nell a d i'll go together ;  
I asked Father, he said I should go,  
But mother cry'd, and said I should Ride ;  
And Nell upon Dobbin too.

Come says I to Nell make ready,  
And put on your Sunday Stays,  
As fine as any Lady,  
For 'tis break of Day and the morning Gray,  
And 'tis likely to be fair ;  
Therefore i say go lace yon Stay  
And i'll go hofte the *Mare*.

And up we got and away we rid,  
And away we rid together,  
And every Body that we met,  
We ask'd how far it was thither  
At last we came to Chater Hill  
And there I spy'd a Stable and cry'd,  
Faith Nell yonder it is,

A riding then a little farther, some People in a  
The little Bastards laugh'd and swore (Ditch,  
That here comes Country Dick.  
And there was Ralf, and he call'd me oaf  
And a very little *Man*  
And how are you and little Sue  
and all the Kids at home.

Then I rid a little farther  
and asked for an *Alehouse*,  
and there I spyed a huge Sign,  
as big as any Gallows ;  
Then I rid up and call'd for an Ostler  
and out there came a swinging fellow  
I warrent he was a Wroffler,

Come says I, take my *Mare* and give her a Lock o  
For Nell and I am come to see this fine town, (Hay.  
and we shall tarry all Day ;  
Yes Sir he said and call'd the *Maid*  
She was just within the Entry  
They had us into as fine a Room  
as if we had been Gentry.

Come says I, let us have a Flaggon of Beer,  
But when it came, Nell shook her head,  
and said it was plaguy dear  
For if we tarry hear we both shall go a beging;  
So then she said, and shook her Head,  
It did nor hold so much as *Mary Grays* Flaggon.

Then a going into Town  
I saw a Boy standing at a gate,  
With a lamentable ragged Gown,  
It had no sleeves I do beieve,  
Because they were both torn off ;  
But Instead of a Hat he wore a cap,  
Like a Trencher cover'd with Cloath.

Then I went a little farther, and there I found a Knife  
I went to stoop to take it up,  
But I never was so sham'd in my Life  
For all the under side was bedaw'd  
With ar'ant Christian turd  
The Boys cry'd out, there's a *April Fool*.  
But I said never a Word,

So there I went up to the Church  
For to say my prayers,  
Thinking no manner of hurt  
But all above they fell a playing  
!like Baggpipes to my thinking,  
And all below they fell a singing,  
As if they had been drinking

So then i went to take my hat  
For i did not like such doings  
In such a fine place as that,  
But Nell was for staying till they had done playing  
Because she lik'd the tune,  
For she said she never heard  
Old Grumble play it at home.

Then we went down the narrow entry, just to Nells Sisters  
I met a Man in Parson's Cloaths  
And fain he would kist her  
He was plague fine unto my mind  
But he look'd much like a Wencher  
I up with my stick and I bit him a lick,  
I warrent i split his Trencher.